

HEART'S HUNGER.

We let them be just for a little while,
We cannot bear to part them yet a-way—
The torn hat chafed a little child,
The torn hat but worn the other day.
Or the low footstool where our dear one's feet
Had rested, or the father's easy chair,
That never more will hold the manly form—
We let them stand, the room would look too bare.

We gazed out in the waning, fading light,
The books and music mock us in the room;
Our hearts are with that new made grave in
the night.
All dark and shadow haunted in the gloom.
God pity those who wait in vain to hear
The sound of feet that never will tread again
Or long to kiss white faces hid away.

In their deep beds beneath the snow and rain.
The wind from out the harp of nature chants
A dirge above them as it passes by;
The dead leaves, tears of autumn, sadly fall
Upon our sleeping ones still to lie.
Oh, ye who never o'er dead loved ones wept,
And held out empty arms and hearts to God,
Can never know the pain we feel tonight.

—San Francisco Examiner.

A GHOSTLY BRIDAL.

The stagecoach which ran between Paris and Marseilles had just reached Grenoble, when the young Baron de Saint Andre climbed up to the front seat.

Here he found a good looking fellow of his own age, and straightway the two became great friends. At the end of an hour they began exchanging confidences after the manner of youth.

The scion of noble stock was on his way to Paris, to buy an officer's brevet, so as to serve his country, as his ancestors had done before him; the other, who was the son of a rich tradesman, was also bound for Paris, for the purpose, however, of marrying an heiress, the daughter of an old friend of his father.

"It is an even thing!" cried the young baron laughingly. "A mere money matter for each of us. The little god Cupid has no more concern in your business than in mine!"

"There you mistake," returned the other. "I have never seen Sylvia, but I fell in love with her, once and forever, the first time I laid eyes upon her portrait. Judge for yourself."

He opened a tortoise shell case, and Saint Andre exclaimed admiringly:

"What an angel! Indeed, my dear fellow, you are very fortunate to have that charming, dainty creature picked out for you."

"I do not complain," said the bridegroom elect, "and now I am going to sleep, if this miserably jolting concern will allow me. I am expected to have breakfast at my future father-in-law's as soon as I reach Paris, and as I shall then be presented to my betrothed I want to look as well as possible."

At the end of three days and two nights the heavy stagecoach lumbered into the metropolis and the two travelers went to the nearest hotel and engaged two rooms, intending to take a little rest. Saint Andre had just thrown himself upon the bed when he heard deep groans in the next room, and on rushing in found his late companion rolling on the floor in agonies of pain. The servants were summoned, a physician was brought in and the latter declared that the patient was suffering from acute colic, which had probably been contracted before he left home and had been aggravated by the fatigue of the journey. He pronounced the malady a very serious one, and so it proved, for, in spite of every care, the youth expired at the end of an hour.

Saint Andre was overwhelmed by the catastrophe, and when he found that he could do nothing more for his friend he stood gazing sadly at the lifeless clay which lay on the narrow bed in the bare hotel room. Poor fellow! So young, so gay, looking forward to a bright future and now snatched away without warning! What would the fair bride-elect say when she heard of this tragedy?

Saint Andre dreaded the bearing of the sad news to the family, but there was no one else to perform the errand, and so he set off, carrying with him the dead youth's satchel.

When he reached the stately mansion the front door flew open and two footmen in livery came to meet him. One relieved him of his satchel, the other took his hat and cloak and a voice was heard exclaiming joyfully:

"Monsieur, here is your son-in-law at last!"

"Dear fellow!" cried a little, fat, white-haired man, rushing into the hall, "let me embrace you" and he clasped the newcomer rapturously to his heart.

As soon as he could get his breath Saint Andre said hurriedly:

"Pardon me, sir, but"

"I pardon you for being late," interrupted the other. "Look, it is 13 o'clock, and breakfast is growing cold. Come in and see my daughter. The little pup has been watching the clock for hours, and is all in patient to meet you."

He pulled the young man into the breakfast room as he spoke, and without pausing an instant added, "My wife, Uncle Dorival, Aunt Dolairice, here is the son-in-law at last; Sylvia, my child, bid him welcome."

"I beg pardon, sir," cried Saint Andre, but again his host interrupted him.

"Don't tell me that you wish to draw back at the last moment, my dear fellow! Everything has been arranged by my esteemed friend, your father, but if you have any objection to urge I will hear it later; bad news can always keep. Now let me sit down to breakfast at once and be merry. Sit by me, son-in-law, and give me your opinion of this pigeon bisque."

The visitor was young and very hungry, having fasted since midnight. The shock of his companion's sudden death had unnerved him somewhat, and so for the time being he yielded to the force of circumstances.

"Come what will," he said to himself, "I cannot bear to put a dampener upon the joy of these good people; at least not until they have had their breakfast."

He joined therefore in the general merriment, smiled sweetly upon blushing Sylvia, the bride-elect, and replied

unhesitatingly to his supposed future father-in-law's inquiries.

"How is your Aunt Dolairice, my son?" asked the old man suddenly. "I remember her as a charming young woman; when I was twenty I came near falling in love with her! We must keep her in good graces, for she will leave a snug little fortune to her nephew."

"Dear aunt!" exclaimed the youth in a tone of deep affection; "I hope she will enjoy life for many, many years longer," and his pious wish was rewarded with a tender glance from Sylvia's dark eyes. Aunt Dolairice also listened to him with delight.

"He has the instincts as well as the bearing of a born gentleman," she whispered to her brother. "Who would think that his ancestors had always sold cinnamon and nutmegs!"

Uncle Dorival, who read cyclopedias and was thought very learned, retorted quickly:

"And why should he not have as fine sentiments as a nobleman? Away with your absurd notions, sister! All men are equal!"

The clock struck 2, and Saint Andre suddenly felt a pang of remorse for the part he was playing, as he recollects that he had to arrange for his friend's burial and would be expected at the hotel. He therefore rose from the table, and announcing that he had important business to attend to, prepared to leave. His host protested in vain, Sylvia looked up in blank amazement and every one untreated him to remain.

"I do not understand," began the old man, following his visitor to the front door. The young man interrupted him, saying solemnly:

"I will explain. At 11 o'clock this morning I died, after a short and sudden attack of colic, and I gave the hotel proprietor my word of honor that my body should be removed this afternoon. You see, therefore, that if I were to absent myself any longer it would be very awkward." With these words he disappeared, leaving the old father overwhelmed with amazement.

When the rest of the family heard what had been said they decided that the youth was joking.

"He has humor," said Uncle Dorival. "I shall congratulate him the next time I see him. He will be here in time for supper."

But supper time came and passed, and there was no sign of the son-in-law. The family became anxious and alarmed, and toward 8 o'clock they sent a messenger to the hotel to inquire for the passenger who had arrived there by coach that morning. The proprietor sent back word that the gentleman named had died at 11 o'clock of colic, and that the body had been taken away for burial in the afternoon. This news was received with unbounded astonishment, and little Sylvia burst into tears as she declared that she would wear mourning as if she were a widow.

"It was his ghost that came here," said the girl's mother in a tone of awe, but Uncle Dorival shrugged his shoulders.

"Do ghosts eat and drink as he did?" he asked. "That fellow was merely some young scamp who wanted to play a trick on us and get a good meal at the same time." Nevertheless the ghost story went the round of the servants' hall, and the footmen boasted of having seen a spirit in broad daylight. The tale spread until it became a subject of wonder in boudoirs and drawing rooms, and the fair young widow who had never been married wore a black gown and veil and shed passionate tears for the affianced husband whom she had seen but once.

Two weeks later she was wandering about the garden one evening, listening sadly to the songs of the nightingales. The stars were shining brilliantly, but the sight of their beauty only served to increase her sorrow.

"Alas!" she sighed, "if he were but here to stroll with me along these pathways!"

As she spoke a cracking of boughs near her made her start with terror, and in another instant a man broke through the flowering shrubs and knelt at her feet. The stars were shining to some purpose then, for by their light she recognized the face for which she had been longing, and in a voice which betokened mingled joy and dread she cried:

"Then you are not dead!"

"No indeed, sweetheart," he answered softly; "I am alive, and I hope to live and love you for many a long day yet."

When the two young people entered the drawing room the family were playing backgammon. A look of amazement greeted the appearance of Saint Andre, and every one being dumfounded the young baron had no difficulty in telling his story, which he concluded by asking for Sylvia's hand.

The marriage took place as soon as the proper period of mourning had elapsed, and Aunt Dolairice was triumphant.

"Did I not tell you he had the bearing of a nobleman?" she cried.

"All's well that ends well, and a baron is as good as a grocer," said Uncle Dorival. —Translated from the French by Isabel Smithson for Romance.

Training Youngsters to Sling Stones.

It has been said that Asiatic nations excelled others in the use of the sling, and the slingers of an ancient army used their little weapons with terrible effect. "These natives have such skill," says one old historian, "that it very rarely happens that they miss their aim. What makes them so great in the use of the sling is the training given them from their earliest years by their mothers, who set up a piece of bread hung at the end of a rod for a target and let their children remain without food until they have hit it, when the child who is the victor receives the bread as the reward of his skill and patience." —Harrer's Young People.

Fireworks in Europe in 1860.

Fireworks first became known in Europe in 1860, when the Italians in Florence managed to make some. The first spectacle of fireworks was in 1868.—New York Evening Sun.

A LIFE SAVED.

Bright's Disease Cured.

"I am as certain as I now live that DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., saved my life when I was a victim of

BRIGHT'S DISEASE."

If you are suffering from Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any Urinary trouble you should use this great and only positive cure.

C. E. BARTHOLMEW, Kalkaska, Mich.

This Sign HANGS ON OUR DOOR.

No other sign like it.

No other stock of WATCHES,

DIAMONDS,

and JEWELRY

like ours.

No other designs as new and artistic.

No other prices as low.

HENRY ABBOTT & CO.,

14 Maiden Lane,

NEW YORK.

(Centre of Wholesale District.)

The Mutual Benefit

Life Insurance Company,

NEWARK, N. J.

AMZI DODD, - President.

ASSETS (Market Value) Jan. 1, 1892. \$48,930,278.05

LIABILITIES, N. Y. and Mass. Standard. 45,384,486.00

SURPLUS, by former N. Y. Standard. 3,545,792.05

(Am. Ex. 4.12 percent. Reserve). 6,137,600.05

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable After Second Year.

IN CASE OF LAPSE the Policy is CONTINUED IN FORCE as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Paid up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the second year Policies are INCONTESTABLE except as against intentional fraud, and representations as to residence, travel or occupation are rendered.

CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 50 per cent. of the reserve value where valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security.

LOSSES paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

JOSEPH B. HARVEY,

Tin, Sheet Iron, and Copper Worker,

Roofing, Leaders, and Tin Ware,

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING

Pumps, Ranges,

Hot-Air Furnaces.

PARLOR, OFFICE, AND COOK STOVES,

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,

Paints, Oils, Putty, &c., &c.

BLOOMFIELD AVE., near Centre.

BALDWIN'S

Montclair, Bloomfield &

Newark Express.

208 Market St., Newark.

Offices: J. G. Crane & Son, Montclair

Dodd's Livery Stables, Bloomfield

Furniture and Pianos Moved with Care.

Heavy Hauling and Carting

of all Descriptions.

Orders by mail or telephone promptly attended to at all times, and satisfaction guaranteed.

TELEPHONE NO. 24, BLOOMFIELD

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and empirically compounded, now for over thirty years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific is a Remedy in itself.

They cure without dragging, purging or reducing the system and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL REMEDIES.

1—Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, &c.

2—Worms, Worm Colic, &c.

3—Coughs, Cold, Croupy, Wheezing, &c.

4—Diarrheas, of Children or Adults.

5—Coughs, Cold, Croupy, Wheezing, &c.

6—Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache, &c.

7—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, &c.

8—Suppressed or Painful Periods.

9—Whites, Too Profuse Periods.

10—Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness.

11—Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, &c.

12—Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague.

13—Plies, Blind or Bleeding.

14—Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.

15—Worms, Worm Colic, &c.